

The Cheerful Letter

Every place a church; every day the Lord's day; all events blessings; all joy thanksgiving; and all nature and life full of Good.—James Freeman Clarke.

Vol. XLVI

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No. 10

LIFE AND LOVE

Life out of Death!

And after Winter—Spring!

Spring—and the sweet immortal breath
of Life in everything.

Life that with purpose throbs and glows,
Love that each day more wondrous
grows,

Life crowned with Love in Him who rose
To life on Easter Morning.

'Mid lilies fair,—

Life radiant at the Spring,—

Love burst the trammels of despair

And rose on joyous wing.

For Life was born anew that day,
When Christ Triumphant broke for aye
The Power of Death, and led the Way
To Life on Easter Morning.

So keep we now

This Feast of His bestowing!

So reap we now

This Harvest of His sowing!

Nor Life, nor Death,

Nor aught that it can sever

Us from His Love—

Forever and forever.

—JOHN OXENHAM.

EASTER

IMMORTALITY is the sense of life, the sense of a full existence, coming always from God. Conscious that God lives in it, and that it lives and moves and has its being in him, it has no dread of death. Death has no dominion over it. The only death is the fear of death,—the want of faith in things unseen, the low desire which clings only to what perishes.

The Latin nations call this day by a name derived from the Passover. It looks

to our deliverance from death and the rescue from the grave. But the Teutonic nations give it a name derived from the other view,—of the coming of a new life. It is Easter, or rising up; it means the spring, when all nature arises, renewed by a perpetual miracle. The coming of new life every spring seems always a miracle, but it is only the operation of a continued law. So our rising out of death seems a miracle, but it also comes by a divine law. When the little buds, carefully packed up in numerous envelopes, defying frost, begin to swell, and to shake out their tiny leaves into the soft air, it seems like a miracle; but it is a law. When the dry seeds in the ground thrust down their tender rootlets and push up their soft stalks, and presently change the brown earth to gentle green, it also seems a miracle; but it is the divine life working by a divine law in nature. When you or I seem to go down into death, but really pass up into fuller life, that also will seem a miracle; but it will be the power of God working according to universal order to fill us with himself.

Therefore, on this Easter Sunday morning, while its sun shines so brightly around us, let us all thank God and take courage. Let us not look backward, but forward; not downward, but upward; not be desponding, but hopeful. Are there any of us here who feel lonely, bereaved, desolate? Behold! the heavens are opened and an innumerable company of friends are waiting for you to welcome you when you go up, and lead you to him who liveth and was dead, and is alive forevermore. Are there any of us who are hesitating to do what we know to be right, not ready yet to do our duty, still postponing till tomorrow what we ought to do today? Let us on this bright Easter morning be-

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gin to do our work in full faith that God will enable us to accomplish it in this or in some other world. O weary heart, arise, and be strong! Sad soul, be glad today; for Christ has arisen! Sinful soul, turn to God and forsake your sins, and be made alive! Take part in the better resurrection, which lifts out of evil into good. Make this day the beginning of a new life, which shall never know any end, but shine brighter to the perfect day.

If we, then, be risen with Christ, let us seek those things that are above. Our sense of immortal life will deepen as we devote ourselves to all things generous, humane, true, and good. This is the true way to keep Easter,—to rise out of all that is poor, mean, cowardly, into courage and faith. Let us give ourselves, souls and bodies, to God, and be sure that all things will work for good to those who love him. —JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

"I N R I"

By K. B. MANSELL

The story lives, it tells us of the star
Which illumined the path and cleared
the way,
And made it known for those who traveled far,
That Christ was born and in a manger lay.
We're told they journeyed on and wearied not
But spread the news which went forth
through the land,
The hosts had gathered and great gifts they brought,
For they were glad and seemed to understand.

The King, He grew and from Him came
God's word,

He healed the sick and greater deeds
had done;

He raised the dead and this all people
heard,

"Surely," they said, "He is a righteous
one."

But ah! great rulers of those deeds had
learned,

And they were jealous in their wicked
pride;

They summoned Him, the Lord, and He,
they spurned,

Convicted Him, and had Him crucified.

Three hours of darkness swept then o'er
the land,

And blood had come where nails had
pierced the Host;

But though the thunders roared He
raised His hand

And cried a prayer and then gave up
the ghost.

And there were some, the faithful, who
had stayed

To keep the watch, for they had seen
Him reign,

They took Him and in a sepulchre laid,
And on the third day seen Him rise
again.

Today the manger, it has passed and
gone,

The Christ who came has made His
mission known,

He gave His life that we here might
live on,

And know God's word, and see as He
has shown.

And though He died and from the grave
arose,

His word goes forth and will not be in
vain,

And sayeth He, "Have faith ye in your
woes,

Rejoice, for Christ the Lord, will
come again."

"My share of the work of the world
may be limited, but the fact that it is
work makes it precious."

—Helen Keller.

QUIET MOMENTS WITH THE PSALMIST

Psalm 19—God's Two Books

GOD has two books, and each reveals Him. Psalm 19 presents a meditation upon God's two books. It falls naturally into two parts with a concluding couplet. Verses 1 to 6 present the book of nature; verses 7 to 13, the written word; verse 14 is a prayerful meditation.

The book of nature speaks a language more profound and yet more universally understood than any earthly tongue. "One picture," says the Chinese proverb, "is worth ten thousand words." Thus the heavens blaze forth the glory of God, and the firmament reveals His handiwork, both—in the figure of a measuring line—extending their sphere to the ends of the earth and uttering forth their message of God's creative power and love. "The beauty that clothes the earth is a token of God's love."

After this general picture of divine revelation, the sun appears as the chief actor in the pageant,—he rises glorious as a bridegroom decked for his marriage, rejoicing as a strong man to run a race.

Truly, in the words of Addison's paraphrase:

"The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue, ethereal sky,
And spangled heav'ns, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim."

In the presence of the vast creation, we stand in worshipful awe and adore God. (Open your hymnal, and read the three stanzas of Addison's well-nigh immortal lines.)

Next we turn from the book of nature to God's revealed word, to find the second part of the psalm beginning with a general celebration of the law of the Lord. God's law restores the soul, it makes wise the simple, it rejoices the heart, it enlightens the eyes. It is a perfect expression of His character; His precepts are everlasting, true, and righteous altogether. God's word is to be desired more than wealth, to be esteemed more highly

than the choicest dainty that tempts the palate. It is perfect.

Again the generalization becomes specific. The special function of God's law is to warn His people of the folly of sin, to help them discern their errors, to cleanse them from hidden faults, and to keep them free from presumptuous sins. Is it any wonder that the psalmist cries out in another psalm, "O how love I Thy law! it is my meditation all the day," and devotes the one hundred seventy-six couplets of Psalm 119 to a meditation upon the beneficence of the law of God?

God's two books thus celebrated, the psalm closes by dedicating the whole meditation to the God whose works and words together proclaim His glory and witness His love. So—

"Let the words of my mouth, and the
meditation of my heart, be accept-
able in Thy sight,
O Lord, my Strength, and my Re-
deemer."

—By CHARLES E. WENIGER
in *Signs of the Times*.

THE FRAGRANCE OF THE ROSE

"Oh! soft summer breeze,"
Said the Rose one day,
"You seize all my fragrance
And float it away."

"Oh! I float it away,"
The Breeze said to the Rose,
"And why must I float it
Do you suppose?"

"You float it away
Is all that I know,"
Then answered the Rose,
"Oh, why must you blow?"

"'Tis I who must raise
Your perfume so sweet;
The rose needs a breeze
For fragrance complete."

As no true work since the world began was ever wasted, so no true life since the world began has ever failed.—*Emerson*.

CORRESPONDENTS AND APPEALS

Letters should be addressed to Mrs. Laura M. Hurst, 78 Penfield Street, Roslindale, Mass.

Persons writing to the Department for the first time should ask for an enrollment blank and give as reference the name and address of their minister.

When a correspondent moves to a new address, notice should be sent to Headquarters, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., and to those persons who have been sending letters and reading matter.

It is necessary to state positively that the Cheerful Letter Exchange is not a "clothing bureau" and not a "charitable" society in the usual sense of the word.

It is contrary to the rules of the Cheerful Letter Exchange to allow any one to make use of its magazine by addressing letters asking for money, clothing, or other articles, to those whose names are printed in the paper. This prohibition includes requests to borrow money and the offering of articles for sale. The name of any person who disobeys this rule will be dropped from the list, and any one who receives a request of this description is desired by the Central Committee to return no answer, but to enclose the letter at once to the Chairman of this Department.

Many people do care for just the kind of friendly service for which we are organized. We limit our efforts to them and their wishes.

 CHEERFUL LETTER CHAIRMEN

Annual Reports are due! It is urged that contacts be made with all workers in order to send the Department of Correspondents and Appeals an up-to-date list sometime in April. All shut-ins belonging to any Alliance member should be reported. This Department keeps a card catalogue of all shut-ins and branches, and without this cooperation these records cannot be accurate or useful. Chairmen also are asked to answer certain questions about the work, because the more information received the more service each Department can render to the worker and to the shut-in.

 CORRESPONDENTS

These *regular correspondents* may be adopted after postcard consultation with Mrs. Laura M. Hurst, 78 Penfield Street, Roslindale, Mass. This is important and it should be done in order to avoid duplication in arranging for *regular correspondents*.

1. Mrs. Lester L. Nixon, Elba, Ark., joined our ranks a year ago by asking to have an Appeal in the Magazine. Now she writes again asking for a regular correspondent. She wants to hear from somebody regularly and any advice on caring for seven children, two boys, ages 7 and 9, and five girls, 1 to 17 years, will be most helpful. She is also interested in good reading for her family. Her age is 37 years.

2. A friend gave me a copy of the *Cheerful Letter Magazine*, so after reading it I decided to write for a regular correspondent. I am a young married woman, age 27, and have no children. I think it will give me a lot of pleasure to hear from one of the workers. Mrs. Paul J. Spencer, Rugby, Va.

3. Mrs. Everette F. Benton, R. 1, B. 270, Monroe, N. C., is thirty years old and has a two-year-old daughter. She would like her name published in order that she may receive some cheerful letters. Her husband cannot get steady work and has to depend on a day's work where he can find it. Consequently there is not much money for any extra. A few toys for the baby would help a lot.

4. I hope I will be admitted to the *Cheerful Letter Exchange* because I want

to correspond with someone regularly. I am 26 years old and have two girls, ages 6 and 9. We attend Church and Sunday School, and would be glad of any reading. We live out in the country and it gets pretty lonesome for us at times. Mrs. James Carney, R. 1, Dayton, Tenn.

5. Mrs. Glenn G. Goodman, R. 1, New London, N. C., writes that she would appreciate a regular correspondent. Her husband is off at work all day and she has the care of five little children: one boy, age 7, and four girls, ages 7 months to 5 years. Mrs. Goodman is 28 years old. She could use any sewing material and thread because her husband has it hard to make both ends meet.

6. My regular correspondent went to England and I miss hearing from someone regularly. May I please have another pen friend to give me a little cheer. I am 65 years old and very lonesome because my husband passed away last June and my children are grown and have their own families. I like to sew and any material along this line will help to pass off the lonesome hours. Mrs. Elizabeth Tester, Dennard, Ark.

APPEALS

These Appeals need not be answered a second time and we ask you not to take them as a *regular correspondent* no matter how appealing the acknowledgment is for the package. For any exception please address this Department.

1. Mrs. Estel A. Eller, Grassy Creek, N. C., is the mother of ten grown children and her husband is a travelling minister. She gets very lonesome and would appreciate any good reading material that anyone would care to send.

2. I am 63 years old and have never been married. I live alone and I just wondered if some kind friend would share a little cheer with me. I like to sew and the following would be more than acceptable—quilt scraps, old sugar bags and old silk stockings for rug making. Miss Frankie Roop, Husk, N. C.

3. Mrs. Abby G. Elgin, Route 2, Stuart, Va., is a very lonely woman, hav-

ing lost her dear husband last September. She asks for religious papers. She cannot afford to purchase reading material of any nature and she considers reading very good company.

4. I am a young married woman with two girls, ages 10 months and 3 years. We live in the country about twenty miles from town and my husband is a farmer and things are awfully dull right now. I'd appreciate some quilt scraps, books and something to amuse the children. So, please don't forget me. One day my husband took some eggs to the store in a bucket and in some way the merchant put a sheet of paper in my bucket with your address on it. That is how I got your name. Mrs. Harold Stinnette, Route 1, Box 63, Amherst, Va.

5. Mrs. Gertie Summers, Route 1, Cleveland, Ark., wonders if it is asking too much to get some quilt pieces and some bits of thread? Her health hasn't been very good and she gets so lonesome because she hasn't any children. She thanks us with all her heart for past favors and knows God's blessings will rest upon each one of us.

6. I am a young married girl and have a baby girl, age 5 months. I hope you will print my request as I would like to receive a little cheer in the way of embroidery work and quilt scraps. Mrs. Darse Sullivan, Husk, N. C.

7. Miss Dorothy R. Mahannes, Route 1, Box 164, Gordonsville, Va., met a friend who had received quilt pieces from the Exchange. Now she is applying for some and hopes to be remembered as generously as her friend.

8. I am very lonely because I haven't any chance much of getting out and going places. There are four of us, my husband and I and a boy, 3 years, and a girl, 9 months. My husband hasn't had a job for some time, so you see we don't have any cheer. Will someone please remember the children with toys and picture cards and any sort of sewing material will suit me fine? I'll sign my letter, Yours trustingly, Mrs. Beulah Martin, Spray, N. C.

9. Mrs. Bedie Hall, Box 121, Buffalo Ridge, Va., is the mother of three chil-

dren, one boy, age 6, and two girls, ages 4 and 5. Her good husband has just passed away and she and the children are very sad and lonely. They miss him so much and wonder how they can get along without him. She would be glad of some quilt scraps and thread and hopes the children may receive a little cheer in some form. Any favors will be a great pleasure to them.

NOTICE TO SHUT-INS

Any shut-in desiring silk quilt scraps or yarn for knitting, please write to Mrs. Laura M. Hurst, 78 Penfield St., Roslindale, Mass.

IN MEMORIAM

Mrs. Henry P. Stout

*Cheerful Letter Chairman of Montclair,
N. J., Alliance Branch
March 10, 1938*

Mrs. Frederic M. Stone

*Cheerful Letter Chairman of Somerville,
Mass., Alliance Branch
March 4, 1938*

They are not dead who live
In hearts they leave behind.
In those whom they have blessed
They live a life again
And shall live through the years
Eternal life, and grow
Each day more beautiful
As time declares their good,
Forgets the rest, and proves
Their immortality.

"PADDLE YOUR OWN CANOE"

MAYBE you have heard the little jingle: "The pleasant little rivers with the drifting folks are crammed; the easy roads are crowded, and the level roads are jammed; where the going's smooth and pleasant you'll always find the throng, for the many, more's the pity, seem to like to drift along."

One of our modern philosophers utters

this truth: "Most men drift. It is easier, and saves responsibility—until they strike a rock in the sea of life. Only those who have a port in view, and steer straight toward it, will ever arrive."

Just drifting along requires no effort, and that is the reason the "pleasant little rivers with the drifting folks are crammed."

Why are there so many people drifting, just drifting, on the sea of life? You know the answer: they have only a dim idea of what they want. They give no thought of how they are going to get it.

Why do some men succeed? That is easy to answer: they know what they want and find a way to get it. They know it takes real mental and physical energy to reach a goal; they "put out," and paddle their canoe to the Port of Success.

Nothing worth while can ever come to the man who sits and dreams. Anything a man really wants will come to him if he plans for it and works for it. Nothing but failure comes to him who commits the unpardonable sin in nature—*idleness*. Drifting with the tide that has no goal, has no place in a life of honor and progress.

—Adapted from R. LEE SHARPE
in *De-Ce-Co Magazine*.

EASTER IN A GARDEN

BY MAUD R. LEMLEY

Easter time, down in a garden,
What though the earth is cold,
There is something stirring, stirring,
Down just underneath the mold.
Grasses creeping through the dead
leaves,
Snowdrops peeping at the sun;
Crocus smiling at the robins,
Leaves appearing, one by one.
Jonquils whispering to narcissus,
As the snow-white leaves unfold,
Blue-eyed violets, 'mid the mosses,
Nod, as secrets strange are told.
Fragrant lilies smile to greet them,
Sunbeams kissing leaf and spray;
Easter time, down in a garden!
Easter! in the heart, today!

THE FRUIT AND FLOWER MISSION

THERE is interesting and worth while work being done in Boston, Massachusetts, by the Benevolent Fraternity Fruit and Flower Mission. It started sixty-eight years ago because Miss Helen W. Tinkham realized the longing of city children for flowers, and saw the opportunity of linking city and country together in greater friendliness and understanding. Its headquarters is in Horticultural Hall.

From June 1st to October 1st, organized hamper work is being done in four different centers. This year 705 hampers were received. People in the country rise early, pack hampers with flowers, fruit, vegetables and jars of jelly. The railroads transport them free, and they are delivered early in the day to the centers.

Volunteers come in to help and unpack, and arrange them in bouquets for individuals. Large bunches are made up for smaller centers, and are called for by someone from the library, police and fire stations, hospitals, Family Welfare Society, Homes for Children and Old People.

The head of one Dispensary wrote, "We are grateful to the people who grow, tend and send them, and we are glad you give us the pleasure of passing them on."

After Flower Shows at Horticultural Hall, many lovely blossoms are given the Mission, and helpers are summoned to arrange them and deliver them to homes and institutions.

In summer, hospitals are visited, and bedside distributions cheer many patients.

At Thanksgiving and Christmas this year, 322 attractively decorated mushroom baskets were filled with donated goodies, such as tea balls, cocoa, condensed milk, canned goods, fruit, vegetables, home-made cookies, candies and jellies. Scrapbooks and small toys were added at Christmas. Sometimes bags of vegetables and fruit accompany the

crepe paper covered baskets, which have sprays of evergreen on top to make them doubly attractive.

Volunteers trim, fill and deliver these gifts to good people who live alone, or are ill, or in hospitals. This work is being done in small communities everywhere, by kind neighbors, but Boston is fortunate to be dispersing agent for thirty-two towns.

Miss Tinkham's kind thought, and her faithful followers, under the direction of the Benevolent Fraternity Fruit and Flower Mission, have brought happiness to many hearts.

—Contributed.

CONVICTION

"I who have walked the ways of earth
Have found one certain thing:
There is no other rapture like
The rapture of the spring.

I feel an immanence divine
If I but stray abroad;
I see the grass and bough and bloom
Irradiant with God.

"Go where you will, say what you will,
This fact is clear to me—
That those whose eyes have seen the
spring
Have looked on Deity."

—CLINTON SCOLLARD.

WHEN STORMS COME

A GREAT ship lies anchored in a windswept harbor. Black clouds gather, and the captain gives orders to make everything tight. Suddenly the storm breaks in all its fury. Lightning flashes, thunder roars, the very flood gates are opened as rain pours down in torrents, and the gale sweeps along the sky like a tornado.

The anchors grip deep into the ocean bottom and hold fast as the huge steel mast of the vessel heaves with tremendous force in the blast of the hurricane.

A scant half mile away, the white surf rolling mountain high, the sailors can

see great boulders and caverns against the rugged cliffs, opening and shutting from view the jaws of some mighty sea monster. Between those hungry cliffs and their prey are but two slender threads, the anchor chains straining almost to the breaking point with every heave of the ship. Will they hold?

Carefully were they forged, every part of selected material, for they are no stronger than their weakest link. Now is the testing time. In the balance of their strength rest lives and money.

Men are like anchor chains of a ship. They are dependable, or else they fail in the test. To be dependable is to fulfill every right demand upon our time and ability; it is the strength that does not fail in time of stress; it is the promise that is never broken. The dependable man forges ahead in his life work. No matter what line of endeavor he may choose, he is sought out, for he is worthy of responsibility. Whether or not his "boss" is watching, he does his best. He makes good in smaller tasks and moves on to larger. In men, as in storm-tossed ships, dependability is necessary to success.

—By BERT BARNES in *The Pick-Up*.

CRANKINESS CURE

Children Become Sweet-Tempered When Taught How to Relax

TEN years ago, Rudolph S. Fried, now President of the Special School Association, found himself in charge of a school full of unruly children at Katonah, New York. The idea came to him that they weren't misbehaving because they wanted to, but because they were victims of faulty mental and nervous habits.

They had one thing in common: they were always running, jumping, breaking something, scribbling on the blackboard, indulging in overactivity generally. Mr. Fried experimented until he found a way to help them relax. In a few weeks, they became good children.

Mr. Fried, with the encouragement of authorities on child behavior at New York's influential Neurological Institute, came to New York to demonstrate to

larger audiences how he helps children to overcome their crankiness and unruliness.

It's simple: just teach them to relax for half a minute out of every hour. It soothes the nerves, rests the body, refreshes the brain, and is a habit that will stand them in good stead all their lives, says Mr. Fried.

At the Bailey Educational Service for Children and Parents, in New York, parents were bringing cranky children by the dozen for demonstrations. Mr. Fried first let them play, to get used to the brown-furnished, modernistic rooms of the Service offices. Then he plopped them in chairs, one at a time, and played a little game.

The game was "shut-eyes." First Mr. Fried, then the child, closed eyes, keeping them closed for half a minute or so. Gradually they extended the relaxation to arms, hands, legs and feet.

Relaxation, explains the educator, doesn't work miracles, nor are the benefits noticed at once. But gradually the child learns to do it purposefully. He rests himself, recharges his nervous system. Temper tantrums and crankiness disappear.

To teach a child, adults must first learn the relaxing trick themselves. Parents who bring their children to the clinic often take a few lessons. It takes practice.

The first thing is to sit in a comfortable chair or couch. Fold the hands easily in the lap, or let them rest on the sides of the chair, completely limp. The eyes should be closed, the lips permitted to part, the head to fall to one side, where it is supported by the shoulder. The feet should be crossed at the ankles, the soles outward. Every muscle should slacken.

Such relaxation, if only for half a minute, provides remarkable rest, explains Mr. Fried. He has mastered the trick so that he can relax momentarily even on a platform, speaking to an audience. When problems beset him, he relaxes a moment, then tackles them with new energy.

"It is absolutely impossible for a thoroughly relaxed person to become

angry," he declares. "Anger is a matter of the nerves, and is due to too much tension."

In his work, he uses purposeful relaxation as the first step toward self-mastery. He believes that children can learn to control and educate themselves.

At Bailey Hall, a school for subnormal children at Katonah, Mr. Fried and an associate, Miss May Jean Robbins, developed a system of education that permits small children to learn things for themselves, with the aid of educational toys.

Beginners are handed a panel on which are mounted five brightly-colored disks, which slide up and down in grooves when pressure is applied. If the disks were not attached, explains the educator, the child would simply discard them, without getting any notion that each represents a unit. But by pushing them in the grooves, he presently absorbs the idea of number.

Then he receives a somewhat more complicated toy, in which marbles are placed consecutively in a row of little cups. By each cup is a numeral, corresponding to its place in the series. With this device, the pupil learns to count, and at the same time to associate a number with its numeral.

The teacher explains nothing. She only supplies the material, and answers questions when asked.

Similar toys have been devised for teaching addition, subtraction, multiplication and division. By the time the child has learned all these, he has usually gained such an interest in the learning process that the difficulty is to keep him from progressing too rapidly.

Mr. Fried remembers with particular pleasure the story of one boy, sent to him by the head master of another school. "He is bad, cranky, mischievous and won't learn," exclaimed the official. "The sooner you take him, the better I'll like it."

Mr. Fried taught the boy how to relax, then put him through the course of self-learning. He is now a high school student. Without help, except in pronunciation, he taught himself Latin this summer.

From The Literary Digest.

GOOD SAMARITANS OF THE AIR

THINKING of a "Peace Force" reminds us that during three months no less than forty "mercy" flights were undertaken by pilots of the Canadian Airways. Here, indeed, was peace work with planes of the very first order.

According to the *Nursing Mirror*, "the people assisted in this way are usually trappers or Indians, who are quite unable to give adequate compensation either to the company who owns the planes or to the pilots who sometimes go long distances on their errands of mercy.

"Two instances will suffice to show the nature of their good work. A man slipped while climbing a cliff, and his gun went off, wounding him severely. Gangrene set in, and there seemed little chance of saving his life. A wireless message was picked up by a Canadian Airways plane, and the pilot flew to a neighboring town, where he landed, picked up a medical man, and only a quarter of an hour later reached the sick man.

"Normally the journey by dog team would have taken a day and a half. First aid was at once given, and the man taken across the Gulf of St. Lawrence to the Charlestown Hospital. The leg had to be amputated, but the patient is recovering. In the second case the patient was a woman with severe hemorrhage. The pilot took her to a hospital, where blood transfusion was given and the woman's life saved. Even an hour's delay would have been fatal in such a case."

Such splendid ministry by these "Good Samaritans of the Air" certainly deserves the heartiest congratulations. It must be pleasing, too, to the angels who also fly, unseen, to the rescue and sustenance of God's children. Hebrews 1:14.

It is cheering to remember that every unselfish service of this kind is noted in the books of heaven; and in the day of final rewards the voice of the Master will be heard saying, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

—Selected.

WITH OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE GLIDER MODEL

(Concluded)

Douglas caught a queer little look in her eyes. "Wh—what's the matter?" he asked.

Without saying a word she left the room.

Just then a peculiar feeling came over him. Why, he was really worse than Rusty,—for running off with plans that he himself had helped to make. Muriel had helped him, oh so well, and he was not openly giving her any credit.

"Well," he went on aloud, "this isn't a girl's contest, anyway. I'll fix it up with her some way."

Then, lifting his shoulders as though to shake off his thoughts, he puckered his lips and tried to whistle. But his whistle was not as gay as usual.

Then his eyes sought the cardboard again. There was not room for Muriel's name, too, unless it was above his own.

"Oh well," Douglas admitted to himself, "she's been a regular pal through it all, but I'll—"

He tried to call her back but his mother said that Muriel was lying down because she did not feel very well.

"Humph!" reflected Douglas, "she sure's a good sport—didn't even complain to Mom."

He picked up the glider and went into the back yard. "Hey, Sis," he yelled toward her open window, "I've got 'er balanced like an eagle now. Watch this just once, if you want to see a pretty sight."

He waited long enough to see her tear-stained face at the window, and then launched the glider into the air. Its shimmering wings and body floated in a perfect arc across the lawn.

Just then Rags playfully jumped toward the beloved model and caught one of the wings in his sharp teeth. Douglas' heart almost stopped beating.

"Rags! Rags!" he savagely yelled, as he struck at the dog.

He rushed over to the glider and feverishly examined the damage. Sure as

anything, there was a jagged hole. To him it looked as large as a wash tub! A feeling of helplessness came over him, as he felt the torn wing could not be repaired.

"One thing sure, this can't be fixed by tomorrow. Needs a new wing," he spoke aloud. "Don't see why I had to have this bad luck!"

Dejectedly, he looked toward Muriel. "We're out of the contest,—drat that dog, anyway," he said with a deep sigh, as he put the glider on the work bench in the garage. His voice was husky with tears.

As he walked back into the house, a drop of rain fell on his nose. The skies were as gray as his outlook on life at that moment.

Absent-mindedly, he ate his supper. He dared not look at the swollen eyes of Muriel. He was interrupted by Chuck Weaver, who called through the back door, "Hi, Doug, come play 'Kick the can.'"

Without waiting to eat his dessert, he slipped out and joined the bunch on the corner.

The following morning, he went to the garage to get the dandelion digger. Gloomily, he glanced in the direction of the glider. Then he went over and examined it. His eyes rounded immediately. He stiffened with surprise. The wing was no longer torn, and only by the most careful examination, could he see where the hole had been. While he was standing with his mouth wide open, and wondering about everything, Muriel quietly slipped in.

"I fixed it last night while you were playing with the kids," she said simply and with a certain coolness.

"Sis, you're a brick," he shouted, as he tried to grab her, but she broke away and ran into the house.

For the first time in Douglas' life, he realized that she was not an ordinary girl. After all, she had made it possible for him to enter the contest. What could he do to repay her? As he looked at the

glider, his eyebrows lifted. A plan formed in his mind.

All that day in school, Douglas tried to find his sister to explain matters, but each time she seemed to avoid him. Finally, school closed and everyone hurried to the Civic Center for the contest. Muriel left early with some of her girl friends.

A great crowd gathered for the event. Douglas looked and looked for his sister; and finally, just before the prizes were awarded, he saw her standing near him.

At last Mr. Bronson made his speech, telling of the great future of glider flying. Then he said, "I'm particularly happy to announce that a young lady has been interested enough to try her hand in making a model. We need more women aviators," he smilingly added. "I'm going to award the first prize to Miss Muriel Walsh and Master Douglas Walsh—"

Douglas did not hear another word on account of the cheering. It all seemed like a dream to him. He was watching the blank expression on Muriel's face give way to tears. He rushed over to her and put his arm around her. Then he led her to the Judge's stand where their glider was on display. Douglas stood watching her between his eyelashes. He saw her look at the card, with her name printed neatly above his own.

Then he whispered, "I'm awfully sorry, Sis, that I hurt your feelings last night, honest—"

But the "Injun" died on his lips for just then a man handed a twenty-five-dollar gold piece to Muriel. Douglas had no thought of being jealous as his sister took the money and he, himself, accepted the beautifully-engraved silver cup. Then because Muriel was the only girl to win a prize, Mr. Bronson allowed her and Douglas to ride in his own plane over the city. His parting promise to them was that if ever they wanted to study aviation, he would gladly help them.

They were excited as they happily rode home that night in the big car that belonged to one of the members of the Glider Club.

"Gee, Muriel," confided Douglas with an altogether new and respectful look in his eyes, "I've had the best sister in these Rocky Mountains and I've been too dumb to realize it."

Muriel's beaming face was the only comment that he needed.

"And you've been more than a sister, —you've been a pal and a mighty good sport." Then into his pockets went his hands, as he added, "Some day we'll go into the glider business on a big scale." —Courtesy of *The Beacon*.

PUZZLES

WORDS FOUND IN "AUTOMOBILE"

How many words can you find made up of letters contained in the word "AUTOMOBILE"? The following definitions should help you to locate ten of them.

1. To stew
2. A foot covering
3. Domesticated
4. Plunder
5. Tardy
6. Partner
7. To post
8. A crowd
9. Constructed
10. To become liquid

There are at least ten more words in "AUTOMOBILE." How many more can you find?

—Courtesy of *The Beacon*.

ANSWERS TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLES

Charades: 1. Bay - bell. Babel.

2. Try - pod. Tripod.

Hidden Trees: 1. Willow. 2. Pine.

3. Oak. 4. Elm. 5. Pear.

6. Peach. 7. Plum.

Just being happy is a fine thing to do;
Looking on the bright side rather than
the blue;

Sad or sunny musing is largely in the
choosing,

And just being happy is brave work and
true.

AN EASTER CANTICLE

In every trembling bud and bloom
That cleaves to earth, a flowery sword,
I see Thee come from out the tomb,
Thou risen Lord.

In every spring-time wind that sings
Down lanes that make the heart re-
joice;

Yes, in the word the wood-thrush brings,
I hear Thy voice.

Lo! every tulip is a cup
To hold Thy morning's brimming
wine;

Drink, O my soul, the wonder up—
Is it not Thine?

The great Lord God, invisible,
Hath roused to rapture the green

grass;
Through sunlit mead and dew-drenched
dell
I see Him pass.

His old immortal glory wakes
The rushing streams and emerald hills;
His ancient trumpet softly shakes
The daffodils.

Thou art not dead! Thou art the whole
Of life that quickens in the sod;
Green spring-time is Thy very soul,
Thou great Lord God!

—CHARLES HANSON TOWNE, from
Harpers Magazine.

For one word a man is often deemed to
be wise, and for one word he is often
deemed to be foolish. We ought to be
careful indeed what we say.—*Confucius*.

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE

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Meetings at 25 Beacon Street, Boston, at 10.30 A.M. the first Friday of each month from October to May inclusive.

ITS PURPOSE

To cheer and comfort those who are ill, lonely, or discouraged, and to give to those living far from a church some of the inspiration of the printed word by the publication of one good sermon, or similar article in each issue of the *Cheerful Letter Magazine*. Only such simple religious truths and principles as are agreed upon by all churches are printed.

To help those who live far from schools, or who wish to continue their studies by means of correspondence with a teacher.

To establish Circulating Libraries in isolated communities, schools, and colleges in rural and mountain districts where public libraries and other educational privileges are not available.

WHERE TO WRITE

Letters containing subscriptions to the paper, fifty cents a year, and money from the Sunshine Bags should be sent to the Cheerful Letter Exchange, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Checks or postal orders should be made payable to the Cheerful Letter Exchange.

Letters asking for correspondents and appeals to be printed in the Cheerful Letter Magazine should be sent to Mrs. Laura M. Hurst, 78 Penfield Street, Roslindale, Mass.

Letters asking for help in studying at home should be sent to Miss Ethel H. Studley, 56 School Street, Hingham, Mass. Anyone, young or old, who is unable to continue work at an educational center may become a correspondent.

Letters about the establishment of Circulating Libraries should be sent to Mrs. Neal D. Randall, *Chairman*, 12 Stearns Street, Westwood, Mass. A Circulating Library will be started in any small community that is in need of one, if proper location and care can be furnished and satisfactory references given.